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ONE SHILLING.

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"THE GERMAN ARMIES ARE PURSUING A COURSE OF WANTON DESTRUCTION": IN SHATTERED CAMBRAI.

In his reply to Germany, President Wilson says: "At the very time that the German Government approaches the Government of the United States with proposals of peace . . . in their present enforced withdrawal from Flanders and France, the German Armies are

pursuing a course of wanton destruction which has always been regarded as in direct violation of the rules and practices of civilised warfare." Our photograph shows Canadians passing through Cambrai. The church is seen from the only side of the Square not on fire!

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



By G. K. CHESTERTON

I AM writing these lines in a comparatively wild and remote region of the British Isles, to which news comes indirectly and almost accidentally, as if blown upon a wind. Even the local papers seem to come late—as it were, at random. Though this may be an illusion of the wandering stranger, it is certain, anyhow, that most of the necessary and effective news passes orally from mouth to mouth. I would rather a man depended on hearsay evidence than that he should be so spellbound by what I may call “read-write” evidence that he is too

at whatever distance, in whatever ignorance, at whatever crisis of the developments of to-day, I can still use those three words as the test and motto of the great war. Whatever Germany is asking, that is the test of what she is getting. Whatever she offers, that is the test of what she gives. Whatever be her approximation to defeat, that is the definition of defeat. Whatever be her chances of recovery, that is what she will try to recover. Historians hundreds of years hence will judge the whole nature of what happened in these four fearful years by what happens to Alsace-Lorraine.

In logic, the cause of this is quite clear and quite compact. This is the one thing that Prussia quite certainly ought to do and quite certainly hates doing. The unconditional restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France means forcing the Prussian to abandon something which is to him an end and not a means. It is not merely to abandon a weapon, but to abandon a prize. Almost everywhere else his retreat might be a strategic retreat. Almost everywhere else, except in Prussian Poland, he is an invader who has only begun to be an oppressor. He is a robber who loses what he never had. He is a robber who throws away some part of the spoil that he may escape with the best part of it. In that sense it may actually be a part of his policy to fail; it may be a part of his design to be disappointed. He is probably glad by this time to withdraw from the death-trap of the old Flemish battlefields, and even to be clear of the mountain network of the Balkan nations. It would have been best for him to conquer them completely; but it may well be a second-best to be clear of them completely. But to lose Alsace is not the second-best, but the worst. To withdraw from Alsace is not a strategic retreat, but a racial rout. To fail in Alsace is to fail in reality; to be disappointed in Alsace is to be disillusioned in religion. The Prussian leaders in the past have themselves made the place a test, and even a talisman; and, above all, they have made it a trophy. The Prussian captain who carried through the victories of 1870 said in so many words that the province was primarily valuable as a proof that the French were defeated. If it remains German for any reason whatever, it will be regarded as a proof that the French were defeated again. If it reverts to France it will remain as a proof that the Prussians were defeated in a fashion which even Prussians could not deny. Here there are no intermediate doubts or speculations about the international relations of this or that Government—such as men may discuss concerning the real intentions of Germany in Belgium or the Balkans, concerning England and the German colonies, concerning Russia and the gate of Byzantium. Everybody knows what the French want, and what the French want most; everybody knows that what the French want to get is exactly what the Germans do not want to give. There is here at least a direct and deadly conflict of desires. And, after four years of heart-rending horrors wholly due to such differences, there are men who are still talking as if no such difference could really exist between men.

That is the first fact about Alsace-Lorraine. It is the simplification of the war. It is the central landmark by which it will be remembered by a posterity confused by the complexities of all the other questions. Among a thousand things that

have remained riddles, it is the one thing that has become a proverb. Nobody in touch with popular tradition and memory can doubt that the determining sign will be the fall of this trophy of Sedan. If there are any Englishmen who do not know it, the Germans at least know it very well. I have pointed out that the Prussian militarists avowedly erected it as such a trophy. But the German Socialists have been as obstinate as any Prussian militarists in accepting it as such a trophy. Where is the trophy, there will be the triumph; and ten thousand treaties about other topics will in comparison be so much waste-paper.

It is obvious, therefore, that this is what, up to the last possible moment, Prussia will refuse to give. It is only because it is yet more obvious that I say the less about the fact that it is what she certainly ought to give. There is little need to speak of the excuses which were invented afterwards for an annexation which was at the time generally regarded as inexcusable. The racial theory that Germany must follow the Germans simply meant taking advantage of the fact that the Germans were barbarians. A race with records or monuments may have gone anywhere, and an unscrupulous Government may pretend to follow them anywhere. The argument from the new numbers of German colonists simply means taking advantage of the fact that Germany is a despotism. A race of slaves will go where it is told; and the tyrant has only to send his soldiers first and his

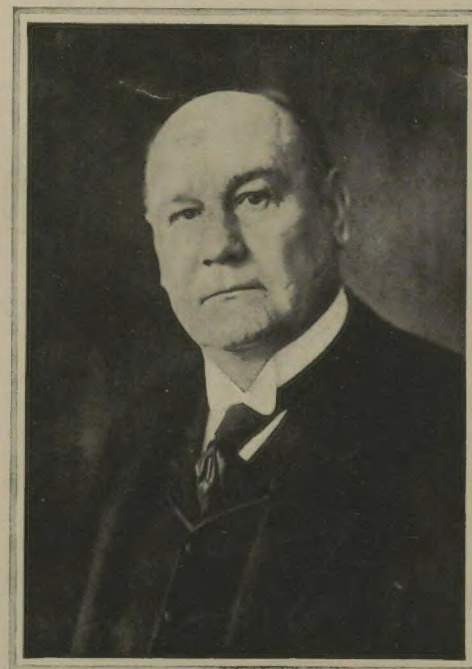


RESCUER OF 596 MEN FROM THE U.S. TRANSPORT
“OTRANTO”: LIEUT. F. W. CRAVEN, R.N.

After the collision between the “Otranto” and the “Kashmir,” the British destroyer “Mounsey” was summoned by wireless, and her commander, Lieut. Craven, by skillful and daring seamanship, brought her alongside the “Otranto” four times in a raging sea, taking off 596 men.—[Photograph by Russell, Southsea.]

deaf to hear anything and too dumb to say anything. But to news which, however momentous, necessarily comes from distant countries and through long and artificial communications, it is obvious that this principle does not in any case apply. Local opinion cannot reshape that with any profit; and local opinion often receives it, as in the present case, very late and in an attenuated form. Thus my impressions of the vast events now developing in the world are necessarily belated and imperfect. There is one truth, however, that emerges clearly enough.

I have heard somewhere a story of Henri Rochefort, the fiery and effective French journalist, when he found himself in a similar position, geographically, if not psychologically. He was far from France, or at least from Paris, when the vital and crucial event of the Franco-Russian Alliance was announced—a thing not without its consequences for the world to-day. The paper for which he commonly wrote the leading articles published next day a leading article of a singular kind. It was a blank white column occupied by three words wired by Rochefort from his remote holiday resort. And the words were “Et l’Alsace-Lorraine?” I do not know if the story is true; but I know it is appropriate. I know that, writing



“ACCEPTER” OF PRESIDENT WILSON’S PEACE TERMS:
DR. SOLF.

Dr. Solf, formerly the German Colonial Minister, and recently appointed Foreign Secretary, signed the official acceptance of President Wilson’s terms, in a Note dated at Berlin on October 12.—[Photograph by C.N.]

colonists afterwards. There is only one thing that was ever worth doing with a tyrant: the harder it was to do, the more necessary it was to do it; the longer it took, the more urgent it has always become. And to-day, after labours longer and harder than some thought endurable, but less long and less hard than we were ready to endure, it is being done at last.

"SPOILIATION AND DESOLATION": CAMBRAI AS THE GERMANS LEFT IT.

CANADIAN WAR RECORDS.



WHILE CANADIANS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE LINE: BLAZING BUILDINGS IN CAMBRAI.



ANOTHER OF THE MANY FIRES STARTED BY THE RETREATING ENEMY: A BURNING STREET IN CAMBRAI.

Continued.

Armies are engaged in wanton destruction; and continues: "Cities and villages, if not destroyed, are being stripped not only of all they contain, but often of their very inhabitants. The nations associated against Germany cannot be expected to agree to a

cessation of arms while acts of inhumanity, spoliation, and desolation are being continued which they justly look upon with horror and with burning hearts." In these forcible but carefully chosen words he voices the thought of all the combatant Allies.

THE ENFORCED WITHDRAWAL OF THE ENEMY: DURING

DRAWN BY

THE PURSUIT OF THE GERMANS NEAR CAMBRAI.

CHARLES DE GRINEAU.



"UP AND OBSERVING FOR THE GUNS IN AN INCREDIBLY SHORT SPACE OF TIME":

Concerning this drawing, it should be noted that our observation-balloons are rushed forward with the advancing troops, and are up and observing for the guns in what has been called quite fairly an incredibly short space of time. An observation-balloon is seen about to make an ascent, and the observer is shown scrambling into its basket, while men bring up the observer's

A BRITISH OBSERVATION-BALLOON RUSHED FORWARD WITH OUR ADVANCING TROOPS.

map-boards and other necessities. On the left are wounded waiting to be dressed; and a few dead, covered with blankets. On the right are German prisoners carrying in a wounded man. To the right of the centre is seen smoke from German shells bursting among the ruins. Further to the right are British 60-pounders in action.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BASES OF LASTING PEACE.



By MAJOR W. WHITTALL.

THERE are two separate though closely related aspects of the German peace move. The first is covered by the request for a suspension of hostilities, antecedent to discussion of a permanent peace. That request may be made in so much good faith as the German is able to import into his dealings, or it may be advanced for the purely military reason that time is required for the extrication of his sorely compromised armies in France and Flanders. It does not really matter which of these factors dominates at the moment, for the reason that the Allies cannot afford to take chances with the Boche, and will undoubtedly deal with the question as though it arose out of military necessity pure and simple. Of course, whether there is good faith present or not, the request has actually been compelled by the pressure of military events, so the matter of whether or not we are to grant an armistice is and must remain a question for the soldiers and sailors to decide.

The second aspect of the situation goes beyond the armistice stage, and affects the terms of the final settlement. Germany has thrown over her shining armour the garment of democracy; but we must doubt her sincerity of heart, for the reason that the power which has made Prince Max

Imperial Chancellor can cast him down and place a von Tirpitz in his place in a week, a month, or a year. Until this avowedly irresponsible and arbitrary power is entirely removed or placed in leading strings there can be no security for the future, and there are no real signs at present of the disappearance of that power. We can for the moment only assume that the new pose represents an endeavour on the part of the real rulers of Germany to get out of the war with an intact Navy and a comparatively intact Army. The former the world cannot allow, for a Power which has prostituted its Navy to the purposes of war against merchantmen cannot be admitted for a generation to share on equal terms in the freedom of the seas or a community of mercantile interests.

Then, if this war is to leave its mark upon history as a victory for justice, it is essential that retribution should be exacted for the unpardonable offences of the Central Powers against the elementary laws of humanity. That responsibility must be traced as high up as possible, and the authority, no matter how highly placed, must suffer the same penalty as would be imposed for a similar crime committed within the borders of any civilised State. The British Admiralty has set an excellent

precedent in the publication of a list of German naval officers who are "wanted" for their crimes. The names of the principal offenders in the German army and civil administration of the occupied territories are equally known, and the time has come when they should be similarly black-listed and the enemy Government informed that no terms of peace can be agreed to that do not include the handing over of these individuals to stand their trial before a tribunal of justice.

It is more than probable that such action, with a stern warning that future offenders would be similarly demanded, would do more than any number of pious protests to stop the devastation of the country over which the Hun is leaving his mark now. Added to this, we should inform the enemy that the policy of wanton destruction which cannot be justified by any plea of military necessity will, if continued, be visited by similar destruction and desolation of German towns. In this way, and in no other, can the German Government and people be brought to that state of mind which might render possible their entry into a League of Nations. Until there is a complete change of heart, their admission to such a League is unthinkable.

THE REFORM OF EDUCATION.



By E. B. OSBORN.

"REVOLUTION" is a word on the tip of everybody's tongue nowadays. Even the schoolmasters let it drop occasionally, though they are conservative folk, and by no means given to running after the strange gods of mutation. But there is not going to be any sudden spectacular changes in our education system—all that can happen will be a speeding up of a process of evolution which began a good many years before the war storm broke, and revealed our national shortcomings—yes, and our secret sources of invincibility—in a series of lightning flashes. Already the teaching profession, thanks to the Teachers' Registration Council, has become a corporate body with a strong craft feeling, and a fitting sense of its vital importance to the commonwealth. It has been discovered that the teacher is more important than the text-book; the examination devil—so ruthlessly held up to ridicule in Kingsley's "Water Babies," a book full of scattering-bright open-air wisdom—is being exorcised.

The line of further reforms in the future is that of co-operation between the teacher and the child, and the child's parents. The father and mother of a pupil must be compelled to remember that they are still in debt to their child's teacher, even

when the school fees (if any) have been duly paid. A contempt for knowledge is unquestionably the deadliest fault of the English character, and it has been a sore hindrance in many ways to the teacher in love with his work. It has caused him to be grossly under-paid—so shamelessly sweated, in fact, that he cannot afford books, or to travel, and is more often than not debarred from the domestic experience and social intercourse which the members of every other profession, learned or unlearned, may confidently reckon on. Now that teachers can act as a unit in order to better their economic position, they will presently be able not only to earn a livelihood but also to practise the art of living. But the time has not yet come when the life of the average home will be such as to foster a child's intelligence during the fateful years—from five to ten—when the quality of a growing mind is finally determined.

Co-operation between teacher and pupil is the new motive in the reform of the technique of teaching. Pupils must no longer be treated as mere recipients of authoritative instruction *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, but must be accepted as active participants in the work of a school. It is an unfortunate fact that most boys

do not want to learn anything. That, however, is the fault of a system which makes the pedagogue an autocrat, and treats initiative on the pupil's part as sheer impudence. In some of the best schools of the reformed type, such as the Perse School at Cambridge, masters and boys are no longer one another's natural enemies—they are comrades joyously at one in the quest of knowledge. The necessity of mere science is an educational shibboleth to day. What is wanted is that all subjects—including science—should be taught scientifically; that is to say, so that their relation with the realities of life should always be kept in view. Latin and Greek, as taught at the Perse, become living languages; as should always be done, for they have never died, except in the pedantic (or Germanised) mind. The boys prattle and jest and pun in Latin and Greek there; a boy named Bird comes in and somebody cries out: "Bonum omen! avis a dextra!" and when Ovid, *Ex Ponto* i. 2. 20, is read and the reader explains "Niobe saxea est facta," another adds, "Sicut Lotti uxor," and a third, "*Salse dictum*." Such little impromptu jests show that the old boredom is abolished. A classical lesson at which Dr. Rouse assists is, incidentally, a lesson in science. Up with the new teaching!

THE FALL OF BEIRUT.



By E. E. L.

AFTER Damascus—Beirut. One by one the chief cities of the Ottoman fall into the hands of the conquering Allies, and we are left wondering how many more are to fall ere Turkey realises the game is up, that Germany has let her down rather badly, and that all that she can hope to do now is to secure the best peace terms possible by getting out of the war as soon as she can. It will have to be, probably, unconditional surrender; but even this should be preferable to remaining a belligerent and being compelled to witness the gradual transference of Ottoman territory to Allied control.

Beirut ranks as the third city of the Turkish Empire. It is a flourishing port with an extensive trade, and its capture by a French division of the Allied Forces in Palestine must have a very serious effect on the position of affairs in Turkey. Though it has no great historical past such as that possessed by Damascus, Beirut, historically speaking, is not unworthy of notice. It is an ancient Phœnician settlement, and it was taken and destroyed by Tryphon, in his contest with Antiochus XII. for the throne of the Selucids, when it duly passed under Rome, was much favoured by the Herods and constituted a Roman

colony, the Emperor Justinian afterwards recognising it as one of the three official law-schools of the Empire. Captured by the Arabs in 635, it remained Moslem until 1111, when Count Baldwin took it—for Christendom; but fifty years later, in 1187, the renowned Salah-ed-Din recaptured it for Islam, and from that time onwards until fairly recent times, whosever its nominal rulers were—Saracen, Crusader, Mameluke, or Turk—its virtual lords have been the Druse Emirs of Lebanon; and in the settlement of Syria it is the Druses and the people of that other interesting community, the Maronites, their rivals, who are certainly destined to play a prominent part.

The Druses are a mixed race, mostly of Arab blood, with a religion which is really a secret faith, but which may, perhaps, be termed a mixture of Islam and Christianity in a more or less esoteric form. For instance, they believe that the soul after death passes from one incarnation to another until it is re-absorbed into the Deity. Living in feudal state, under Sheikhs, and these in turn under Amirs, the Druses rose to power in Syria in the early part of the sixteenth century; and, with intervals, maintained it until 1860, when, in consequence of the sanguinary fighting between them-

selves and the Maronites, as Christians—culminating in the massacre of Damascus, when 3000 Christians were slaughtered—the European Powers intervened in Lebanon, which was occupied by a force of 20,000 troops, half of whom were French.

The French occupation continued until June 1861, when the Porte having agreed to give the Lebanon a form of government which would remove the cause of quarrels between the Druses and Maronites, the French troops left the Lebanon, though French and English naval squadrons cruised on the coast for months. The privileged province of Lebanon was finally constituted by the Organic Statute of Sept. 6, 1864; and the subsequent history of the Druses is one of gradual withdrawal from the jurisdiction of that State, though a good many are still left; whilst the Maronites are a flourishing community several hundred thousand strong. France, from this time onwards, has always taken a great interest in the Lebanon, and Beirut owes a great deal of its prosperity to French capital. It is, therefore, appropriate that the city should have been occupied by a French Division, for in the reshaping of Syria France will have, undoubtedly, a good deal to say.

OCCUPIED BY THE ALLIES: BEIRUT—A FAMOUS PORT OF SYRIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E.N.A.



SHOWING PART OF THE WONDERFUL FRENCH MOUNTAIN RAILWAY AND A 400-YEAR-OLD BRIDGE (EXTREME RIGHT): BEIRUT.



AN ANCIENT PHOENICIAN CITY KNOWN TO THE ROMANS AS BERYTUS: MODERN BEIRUT—THE RAZ.



LYING AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN WALL OF THE SNOW-CAPPED LEBANON: A GENERAL VIEW OF BEIRUT AND ITS HARBOUR.



GROWN IMPORTANT SINCE THE PACIFICATION OF THE LEBANON IN 1860: BEIRUT FROM THE KONAK.



ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF THE BEAUTIFUL CITY OF BEIRUT: THE FAMOUS AVENUE OF PINES.

An official despatch to the French Ministry of Marine from Admiral Verney, the senior naval officer on the Syrian coast, stated: "The French Division in Syria entered the port of Beirut about 6 a.m. on October 7, amid the indescribable enthusiasm of the population." On October 10 the British War Office announced: "French and British war-ships entered the port of Beirut on October 6, finding the town evacuated by the

enemy. On October 7 British armoured cars, preceding our cavalry and infantry columns, arrived, and on October 8 the advanced detachments of British and Indian infantry occupied the place, being received enthusiastically by the inhabitants. The number of prisoners taken by the Egyptian Expeditionary Force (exclusive of those taken by the Arab armies) has risen to over 75,000."

THE WORLD OF FLIGHT

INVENTIONS IN AIRCRAFT.

By C. G. GREY,

Editor of "The Aeroplane."

FROM time to time one hears of great inventions concerned with aircraft which are going to stop the war, or are doing terrific execution, or are causing excitement at the Front. One has heard Zeppelins, Gothas, Handley-Pages, and such things called "inventions." Even the Liberty engine has been so called. Yet one doubts whether, in fact, there is a single invention (properly so called) which has had any important effect in aerial warfare. All the aeroplanes and all the engines of all the belligerents are practically straightforward developments from previous types. There has been no "invention" about any of them.

This may be a useful piece of information for the swarming inventors of this and other countries who are for ever inventing what they fondly believe to be startlingly new forms of aircraft or engines, and who abuse that excellent body the Air Inventions Committee for refusing to place the Royal Aircraft establishment promptly at their disposal. It is a curious fact, gathered from one's own fairly voluminous correspondence, that about five inventors claim to have produced a wonderful new idea in complete aeroplanes for every one who produces a really useful invention in the way of a detail fitting.

The only genuine inventions in connection with aircraft are purely matters of detail. There are plenty of patent carburettors on aero-engines. There are patent methods of fixing or tightening wires. There are patent safety-belts for aviators. There are a few patented gears for engine-valves or air-screws which are genuine inventions. There are patent lock-nuts and washers. But there are no patent engines or aeroplanes, nor even any which could properly be called inventions.

Take, for example, the aeroplanes which are frequently supposed to be inventions—the four-engined German Zeppelin biplanes, the three-engined Italian Caproni triplanes, the German Gocha, the British Handley-Page, the French Caudron, and other twin-engined biplanes. They are all straight developments. The four-engined Zeppelin is merely a big twin-engined machine with a couple of extra engines stuck on to it in line with the two commonly used. The three-engined type is a natural development of the two-engined breed.

So far as one can remember, the first three-engined aeroplane with the engines side by side was the Porte-Wanamaker-Curtiss flying-boat built for the attempt on the Transatlantic passage in early 1914, and designed by Lieutenant John Porte, R.N., now Colonel R.A.F. The third engine was put in as an after-thought because the machine was too slow with two. But early in 1913 a seaplane with three Gnome engines in line (fore and aft), all mounted on one shaft, was built in England by Messrs. Radley and Gordon England. In the case of the Porte boat each engine drove a separate air-screw; in the Radley-England all three drove one huge screw.

Both these machines were ante-dated as multiple-engined aeroplanes by a series of experimental machines built for the British Navy at Eastchurch by the Short Brothers in 1912. The first of these had two Gnome engines—one driving a tractor-screw in front, and the other driving a propeller behind. The next had two engines in line in front—one driving a central tractor-screw on its own shaft, and the other driving two tractor-screws by chains, one on each side of the centre screw. The third had one engine in front driving two tractor-screws by chains—one on each side—



AT A FRENCH SEAPLANE STATION ON THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST: FRENCH SEAPLANES READY FOR PATROLLING DUTY.

British Official Naval Photograph.

and the other engine driving a propeller behind. All these flew quite considerably; but, as more powerful engines came into being, these complicated machines were dropped till war produced the need for higher powers than anything at present existing as a single engine, when the old ideas were revived again.

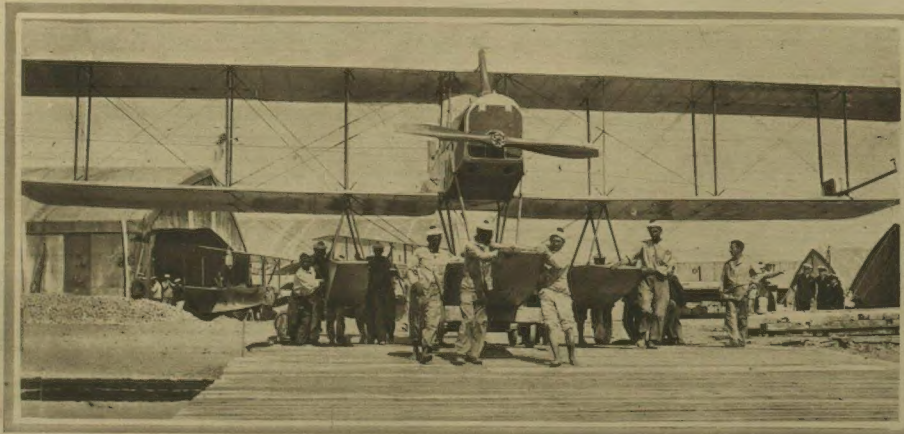
Now these machines of the Short Brothers were not in themselves inventions. They also were natural developments. The two air-screws driven

the big Caproni bombing triplanes, or the Sopwith of Fokker single-seater fighting triplanes. As a matter of fact, the first successful triplane was one built by Mr. A. V. Roe at Brooklands in 1911, though he had made short flights on earlier triplanes of 1908, 1909, and 1910. Even he was ante-dated by a curious triplane arranged like a flight of steps, and built by three partners named Witzig, Lioré, and Dutilleul in France about 1907. And they in turn merely used three out of many planes, as tried in an experimental aeroplane built by Mr. Horatio Phillips in England somewhere about 1890.

This machine of Mr. Phillips' had about twenty long narrow planes, and looked like a Venetian blind. Each plane had, in section, a shape which is to-day regarded as the correct thing in the most modern aeroplanes. This particular wing shape—or aerofoil section, to use the correct expression—was designed by Mr. Phillips, after a long series of experiments, extending over many years, in his efforts to discover what particular shape of plan gave the greatest amount of lift for the smallest amount of head-resistance. Having discovered this particular shape—especially as regards the nose, or "entering edge" of the plane—he proceeded to patent the shape. And that patent, which is now getting on for thirty years old, is the only invention, so far as one can gather, which has ever been of any vital importance to the flying of aeroplanes. As the patent was taken out some fifteen years or more before any real flying was done, the patent expired before it was used, consequently its validity was never questioned; but it is open to argument, one believes, whether the discovery of one of Nature's laws is really an invention or is valid subject-matter for a patent.

Another invention which was open to argument on the same grounds was the Wright Brothers' patent which covered the act of controlling the lateral position of the wings on an aeroplane in conjunction with the rudder. Several actions were fought in the United States, the verdict going first one way and then the other; but finally the whole business was settled by the U.S. Government taking over the patent rights for war purposes. On this side of the Atlantic the holders of the British Wright patents generously presented their rights to the Aircraft Industry for war purposes, and allowed the patents to lapse.

Apart from the Phillips and the Wright patents, there has been no real inventing done in aeroplanes or aero-engines. Heaps of patents, mostly useless, have



AT A FRENCH SEAPLANE STATION ON THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST: SAILORS BRINGING IN A LARGE SEAPLANE.

British Official Naval Photograph.

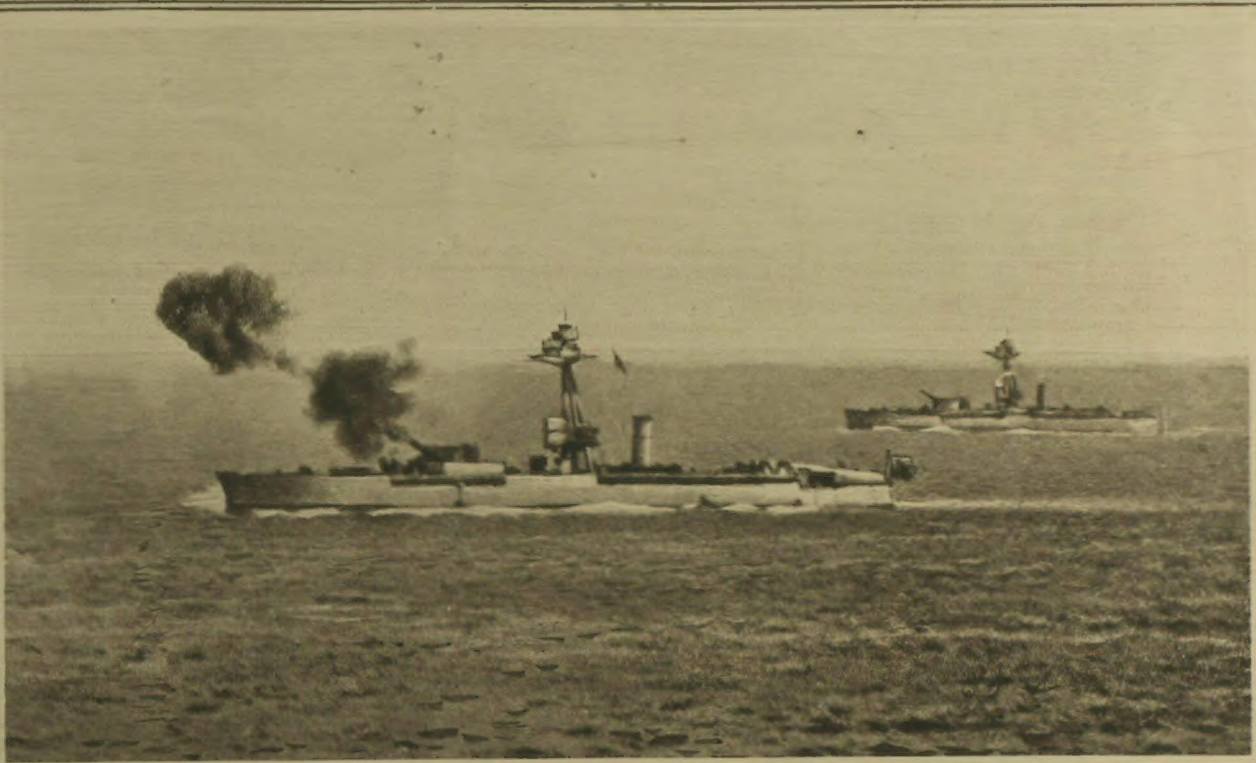
by chains from a single engine was the method of propulsion of the original American Wright biplane, the first aeroplane which ever really flew—in 1906. The single tractor-screw was used with partial success by M. Ader in France so far back as 1902. And the single propeller was the popular method of propulsion for all the French biplanes of 1908.

Again, one hears the ill-informed talk of triplanes as an invention, because they have read of

been taken out, but not one of them within the present writer's knowledge is in any way an epoch-marking improvement, nor does any of them make any vital difference either to the machine or to the engine. In every case, if one did not want to pay for the particular patent in question, one could do the job just as well in some other way. All of which shows that our present satisfactory position in the air is due to steady all-round improvement, and not to any startling brain-wave.

"THE NAVY HAD AN IMPORTANT SHARE": BELGIAN COAST OPERATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



"TWO GREAT MONITORS POUNDED ZEEBRUGGE": THE BRITISH NAVY SUPPORTING THE GREAT ALLIED ADVANCE UNDER KING ALBERT IN FLANDERS.



CAMOUFLAGE AT SEA: BRITISH DESTROYERS AND MOTOR-BOATS SMOKE-SCREENING MONITORS BOMBARDING GERMAN COAST POSITIONS IN BELGIUM.

"Vessels of the British Fleet," said a Belgian communiqué describing the commencement of the great offensive in Flanders, "bombarded the coast defences of the enemy and vulnerable points of his communications." A fuller account, issued on October 3 by the Press Bureau, said: "The Navy had an important share in that Belgian, British, and French advance. . . . By midnight the ships, mostly large monitors, were in position, and those nests of great batteries which lie along the coast to either hand of Ostend were

enduring such a bombardment as they had not known before. . . . Two great monitors pounded Zeebrugge, where there has been much activity of late, with 15-in. shells; battery after battery was engaged and goaded into battle blindfold. Later examination of Zeebrugge and the coast region by aeroplane confirms the impression that the Germans were for the moment overwhelmed." The inestimable value of the work done in the war by our "silent" Navy is not always fully understood by the public.

THE GREAT ADVANCE: AN INCIDENT IN THE BRITISH

SKETCHED BY C. W.

ATTACK WHICH LED TO THE CAPTURE OF CAMBRAI.

DE GRINEAU.



THE BATTLE FOR CAMBRAI: AN ATTACK ACROSS THE CANAL DU NORD—THE 2ND

It was early dawn when the attack here illustrated took place, in one of the battles which led up to the capture of Cambrai. British troops who have just crossed the Canal du Nord are seen capturing a slag-heap, held by German machine-gunners, between Bourlon Wood and the village of Havrincourt, which is visible on the right towards the background, a mere mass of stumps and wreckage. By it is high ground sloping down to the canal. In the background on the left is the smoke of our barrage fire. Describing recently the fighting in this district, Mr. Philip Gibbs writes: "Our troops, some of those very men who were there before, advanced towards Bourlon Wood—that dark wood on the high hill above the valley which dips down

DIVISION TAKING THE SLAG-HEAP BETWEEN HAVRINCOURT AND BOURLON WOOD.

from Havrincourt—and towards Flesquières Ridge, to the right of Havrincourt, and Highland and Welsh Ridges south-eastwards, which form an amphitheatre round the valley. . . . "It was very difficult ground, because of those ridges held by the enemy and because of the Canal du Nord, which our men would have to cross. On the left of attack there was only one place where they had a chance of crossing that deep ditch, and it made a bottle-neck between Inchy and Mœuvres to the west of Bourlon Wood. Here Canadian and British troops had to move forward, building some kind of bridge and forcing large numbers of men through quick enough to escape massacre by the German guns."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CAMBRAI IN BRITISH HANDS: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS, TAKEN ON ENTRY.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



"THE REPORTS OF ITS DESTRUCTION MUCH EXAGGERATED": A STREET IN CAPTURED CAMBRAI.



SOME OF THE "ENGLISH TROOPS WHO, JUST AS IT GREW LIGHT, FORCED AN ENTRY": MEN OF THE NORTH LANCASHIRES IN CAMBRAI.



DECORATED WITH NAMES OF ACTRESSES AND A "VERBODEN" NOTICE: A GERMAN CINEMA THEATRE AT CAMBRAI.



WHERE THE BEST SEATS WERE "RESERVED FOR OFFICERS": PART OF THE GERMAN CINEMA THEATRE.



"LOCAL FIRES . . . GO ON BURNING": A STREET IN FLAMES JUST AFTER THE TOWN WAS TAKEN.

Cambrai was taken on the morning of October 9, and a British communiqué of that date said: "The whole of Cambrai is in our possession. Canadian troops of the First Army entered the town from the north at an early hour this morning, while at a later hour English troops of the Third Army passed through the southern portions of the town." The photographs given on these two pages were taken on the same morning, and are of

great interest in view of the rumour as to the explosion of German mines. Regarding that rumour, Mr. Perry Robinson writes: "For the purpose of verifying it, I have spent a large part of this morning (October 10) exploring Cambrai, and I find the earlier reports of destruction much exaggerated. The amount of damage suffered since yesterday morning is slight. It is true the Germans have thrown in a certain number of incendiary shells,

(Continued opposite.)

"OUR TROOPS HAVE ENTERED CAMBRAI": THE EARLIEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



SHOWING A HOUSE FALLING, THROUGH SHELL-FIRE OR EXPLOSION: AN OPEN SPACE IN CAMBRAI, AS SEEN ON THE MORNING OF CAPTURE.



"ENGLISH TROOPS OF THE THIRD ARMY PASSED THROUGH THE TOWN": A PATROL OF THE NORTH LANCASHIRES MARCHING INTO CAMBRAI.

Continued.
which have caused local fires in the roofs of houses and so forth, which go on burning, but they amount to little. They have also been shelling spasmodically with long-range guns, but the damage caused in that way is also inconsiderable. A great part of the town still remains habitable and largely intact. . . . What may happen yet it is impossible to say. The fires still smoulder, and doubtless others will break out. The Germans will probably

go on shelling the place, but last evening's stories of the destruction of the whole city were exaggerations, and Cambrai is as yet much less damaged than Arras, and vastly less than Albert, Bapaume, or Péronne." Mr. Robinson mentions elsewhere that "we have never shelled Cambrai, except very slightly, and, though thoroughly looted by the flying Germans, the town is not badly wrecked."

THE GREAT ADVANCE: BRITISH AEROPLANES AND TANKS CAPTURING A GERMAN FIELD-HOWITZER BATTERY NEAR CAMBRAI.

A SKETCH BY CHARLES DE GRINEAU. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



"SQUADRONS OF AIRCRAFT FLEW LOW OVER THE RETREATING ENEMY": AN INCIDENT IN THE GERMAN ROUT ON THE ROAD TO CAMBRAI.

Aircraft and Tanks, the two latest forms of offensive weapons, have played a large part in the great advance of the Allies on the Western Front. Thus, a British official despatch of October 10 said: "Squadrons of aircraft flew low over the retreating enemy, causing destruction and confusion in their columns by bombs and machine-gun fire." There have been many references likewise to the exploits of the land-ships, as in a communiqué of the 6th, which spoke of "British Tanks doing great execution among the German infantry." At one part of the front, a correspondent mentions that "Tanks were patrolling out in the area ahead while others mopped up odd

hiding places in the ground behind." Our drawing shows the two arms working in co-operation during the pursuit of the retreating enemy, and capturing a German field-battery of 4.2 howitzers, with its transport, which was overtaken on the road to Cambrai. Overhead are two British aeroplane scouts, flying low, the nearer one firing at the Germans on the road. Others are seen in the left background, with some British "Whippet" Tanks pursuing the enemy. In the foreground are Germans (mounted and on foot, some wearing helmets camouflaged with stripes) crossing a light railway in their efforts to escape.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOK.OF SACRED
SCIENCE.

THE insistent demands which the war makes upon our attention have doubtless dulled our appreciation of the great value of the gift of Stonehenge to the nation recently made by Mr. C. H. E. Chubb. Really it was a very splendid gift, and not only to the nation, but to the English-speaking peoples the world over. For Stonehenge is not merely, as some have it, an interesting relic of the ancient Druids, who performed mysterious rites there at stated times. It is much more than this, for it marks an epoch in our history as a nation. To describe it as a prehistoric Westminster Abbey would be to focus attention only upon what may be called its religious aspect: this is far too narrow a view to take.

What Stonehenge has to tell us is by no means generally realised. To most people, probably, it is but the place where strange and somewhat forbidding rites were performed by a heathen priesthood. Our forefathers held a less prosaic view, for they told tales of how Merlin the enchanter bore the great stones from Ireland and set them up on the plain, by the magic of his wonderful wand! But what appears to be the first mention of these stones, in a book, was by Nennius, in the ninth century. And, according to him, they had been erected in memory of 400 nobles who had been treacherously slain by Hengist in the year 470. As a matter of fact, they were of hoary antiquity even then.

Whence, then, came these stones? And by whom, and for what purpose, were they set up? Those of the outer circle were probably collected on Salisbury Plain, but those of the inner circle have a different history. The altar stone is of Old Red Sandstone, but the rest are Diabase, Felsites, Hornstones, and Schists. Igneous rocks such as these, found in a country consisting mainly of chalk and Tertiary strata, would have been considered valuable, and probably endowed with magic properties; hence their employment in this inner circle. Transport in those far off days, nearly four thousand years ago, if not longer, must have been of a primitive character; and it is therefore difficult to imagine how blocks so large

CONCERNING STONEHENGE.

could have been conveyed from a distance. Professor Clement Reid suggests that they may have come from a wide plain at the mouth of the Avon, then two or three miles further seaward. From

or crouching posture, as was the custom of the early, but not the earliest, inhabitants of these islands. Some were buried in an extended position, as is the custom to-day, while others had been cremated before interment. These incinerated bodies were those of the new race, who brought with them not only this method



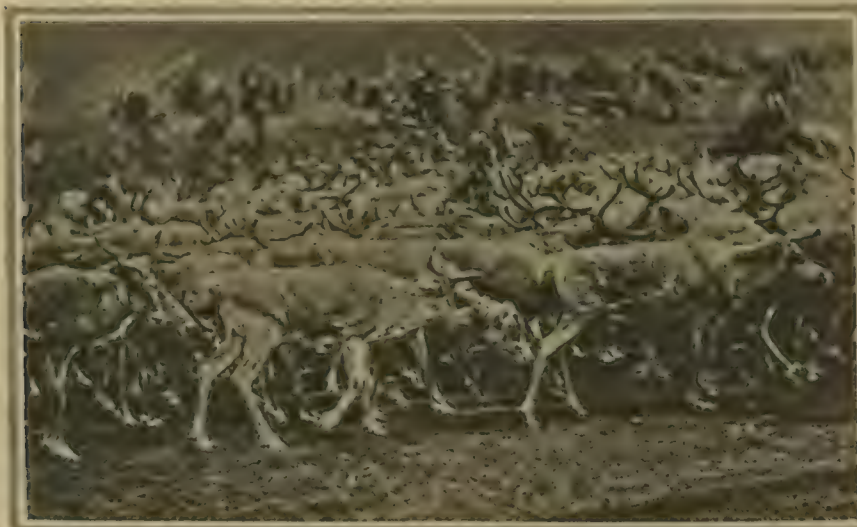
WEALTH FROM THE SPITZBERGEN SEAS: A WALRUS-SLOOP SAILING HOME FROM THE ARCHIPELAGO.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

thence they were rafted far up the navigable fjord, not yet silted up, and were only carried a short distance uphill. Be this as it may, it is evident that the builders had a great, serious purpose before them, and that they represent a new race within our borders, bringing with them a new culture. For associated with these stones we find burial-mounds showing very different types of interment. Some of the bodies which have been found were laid to rest in a sitting

of disposal of the dead, but also the cult of the megalithic monument and its associated ritual. They were, in short, the earliest of the "Bronze-Age" men to settle in these islands. They probably established themselves rather by the method of peaceful penetration than as armed invaders; but their advent was fraught with tremendous consequences; for they brought with them not only new religious ideals, but the art of using metal, in the shape of bronze. But Stonehenge does not represent the first of these immigrants, as witness the "Dolmens" found scattered all over the British islands. These are large megalithic tombs consisting of a flat cap-stone, supported on upright stones, usually three in number. They are frequently, but erroneously, regarded as Druidical "altars."

Fortunately for us, it was the custom to inter the dead with the weapons they used during life, and hence we have recovered a vast collection of stone instruments, many of exquisite workmanship, besides pottery in the form of funeral urns, incense-pots, and drinking-vessels. Some of these are very crudely made; others are ornamented with rough patterns and writing so far undecipherable. Such accessories enable us to identify those who made them with the dolmen-builders of Western Europe, who seem to have been inspired by the architectural triumphs achieved by the Egyptians as a consequence of their newly acquired art of using metal tools. Their rough attempts to follow suit, which are found all over Europe, seem to show that the spread of the new cult was accompanied neither by a similar fertility of ideas nor by the possession of the necessary metal tools. Stonehenge, then, is, indeed, a landmark in our history of prime importance; and this being so, we should be profoundly grateful to the donor.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



ANIMAL RESOURCES OF SPITZBERGEN: A HERD OF LAPP REINDEER, WHICH ARE PLENTIFUL THERE.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

WHERE THE BRITISH FLAG HAS AGAIN BEEN HOISTED: SPITZBERGEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



ANNEXED BY ENGLAND IN 1614, IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.: SPITZBERGEN—
A VIEW IN RED BAY.



SPITZBERGEN AS A BASE FOR EXPLORATION: A RUSSO-SWEDISH ARC-OF-MERIDIAN EXPEDITION; AND THE NORTHERNMOST HOUSE.



THE SCOTTISH SPITZBERGEN SYNDICATE CAMP: DR. RUDMOSE BROWN AT PRINCE CHARLES FORELAND.



A TYPICAL BUILDING TO BE SEEN IN "SPITZBERGEN: PIKE'S HOUSE.



SPITZBERGEN'S MINERAL WEALTH: PART OF THE SCOTTISH SYNDICATE'S CLAIM.



TYPICAL OF SPITZBERGEN'S VAST MINERAL DEPOSITS: A GYPSUM AND COAL CLAIM OF THE SCOTTISH SYNDICATE.



SPITZBERGEN AS A CENTRE OF VALUABLE FISHERIES: A WALRUS-HUNTERS "BAG" FROM THE BARENTZ SEA.

Some months ago an expedition went to Spitzbergen under British Government auspices, and on October 3 it was announced that the British flag had been hoisted at Ebeltoft Harbour, and the German wireless station there destroyed. This station was erected in 1910, when Prince Henry of Prussia and the late Count Zeppelin were in Spitzbergen experimenting with airships. On the outbreak of war, the German staff dismantled it and hurried home. Spitzbergen, besides being immensely rich in coal, iron, and other minerals, might, with its excellent harbours, be made into a naval base. A clause

designed to give Germany control of it was inserted in the Russo-German Brest-Litovsk Treaty. When the war began, an international conference sitting at Christiania to decide the future of Spitzbergen came to an abrupt end. In 1614, in the reign of James I., Spitzbergen was annexed to the English Crown, but the settlement was apparently abandoned, and became a *terra nullius* or "No Man's Land." Large mineral claims there are now held by the Northern Exploration Company, of London, and the Scottish Spitzbergen Syndicate, of Edinburgh; others by Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian enterprises.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CORRE, ELLIOTT AND FREY, WALTER SCOTT, FRASER, BACON, BEAUFORT, WALSHAM, J. WILLIAMS, LTD., URWIS, VANDYKE, DAVEY.



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WILLIAMSON.
Black Watch and R.A.F. Son of Mr.
F. Delmar-Williamson, Cheltenham.



LIEUT. R. M. HAMMOND.
R.F.A. Son of Mr. W. H. Hammond,
of Bayham Road, Sevenoaks. An
old Tonbridgean.



LIEUT. SIR JOHN BRIDGER
SHIFFNER.
Royal Sussex Regt. Killed while on
active service. Aged nineteen.



2ND LIEUT. E. V. AUSTIN,
Royal Air Force. Son of the late
Mr. and Mrs. Austin, of Singapore.
Aged 23.



LT. PERCY TURNER SUTTON.
R.G.A. Of Corfe, Bath Road,
Maidenhead. Son of Mr. Charles
Turner Sutton.



LIEUT. E. H. BOWER.
York and Lancaster Regt. Has been
reported as having been killed in
action.



2ND LT. A. L. GWYNNE JONES.
R.G.A. Only son of Lieut.-Col. J. A.
Jones, High Street, of Gillingham,
of Ty Dyfrig, Llandud.



LIEUT. L. G. S. LUDLOW,
King's Own Yorkshire Light In-
fantry. Has been reported killed
in action.



LIEUT. JOHN EDWARD
TAYLOR.
Royal Engineers. Has been reported
as having been killed in action.



BRIG-GENERAL GILBERT B. S.
FOLLETT, D.S.O., M.V.O.,
Coldstream Guards. Killed in
action.



MRS. MARGARET GIBSON, M.M.,
Administrator of Q.M.A.A.C. The
first W.A.A.C. to be awarded the
Military Medal.



CAPT. W. E. DAWSON,
R.A.F. Second son of Mr. and Mrs.
William F. Dawson, Llantrisant
Hall, near Newport, Mon.



CAPTAIN VALENTINE
TAYLOR.
Royal Warwickshire Regt. Killed in
action. Mentioned in despatches.



CAPT. A. L. THOMAS,
London Regt. Youngest son of
Mrs. Thomas, Belmont Park,
Lewisham.



CAPT. R. J. S. SEDDON,
N.Z. Rifle Brigade. Eldest son of the
late Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Prime
Minister of New Zealand.



LIEUT. A. H. MOSS,
Australian Infantry. Perished on
board a vessel torpedoed by the
enemy.



LIEUT. W. T. FOTHERGILL,
R.A.F. Second son of Dr. and Mrs.
L. Fothergill, of Cowpen, Blyth,
Northumberland.



LIEUT.-COL. R. A. WEST, D.S.O.,
M.C.,
Tanks Corps; and Captain in the
Cavalry Special Reserve.



LIEUT. E. R. C. WOOD,
North Staffs Regt. Only son of Mr.
and Mrs. Ernest Wood, of Highlands,
Harrigate.



LIEUT. EDWARD V. POWER,
Canadian Infantry. Born in Hamilton,
Ontario. His home was in San Diego,
California, U.S.A. Killed in action.

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LADIES' NEWS.

PEPPY'S walk down Bond Street is a necessity now if we would enjoy the attractions of that celebrated thoroughfare. The question of reviving sedan-chairs has been discussed. If there were anyone to carry them, there is no room for them to be carried. Travelled members of our sex have thought of rickshaws. There is no one left here young enough to run with one; and, if there were, they would survive few journeys among motor-buses and lorries and occasional steam-engines, and other fearsome things in traction now frequently in our streets. A recent thrilling addition were the big guns out to be fed. Peppy's was right; a walk down Bond street is vastly diverting. Never was it more so than now, when feminine ankles are so neat and variously clad, and feet so daintily shod, and hats so beguiling, for they attract without divulging—which is particularly 'cute and tantalising' of them. There may be plain faces under fascinating headgear, but no one supposes so.

Writing of Bond Street in a frivolous way carries the thoughts to the luxurious manner in which some of our wounded heroes are enabled to enjoy the life of our streets and the never-failing allure of shop-windows. Such thoughts travel gratefully to the world-renowned firm of Carter's, where every kind of invalid chair is provided. A visit to 2-6, New Cavendish Street sheds a light on all we owe to the enterprise, ingenuity, and long study to relieve pain which has resulted in these beautiful and most comfortable conveyances. There is no room for sedan-chairs or rickshaws, it is true, but there is room for the wounded soldier, sailor, or airman in his chair, whether an up-to-date one called Bath, or a lying-down one, or a self-propelled one. Of course there is room, for these men have been wounded in fighting for room for us to live. What we are pleased about is the luxury and beauty of their means of moving.

There are some things that people must have in war time: we may be economical with them, but we must have them. First among these is a supply of fresh, beautiful linen for the house and for the person. One knows that now one should save laundrying; but one must, above all, save one's self-respect. Robinson and Cleaver, at their great Linen Hall in Regent Street, help us to do so by continuing to offer, at moderate prices, beautiful table and bed linen, and also lingerie of the daintiest and most charming. As for handkerchiefs, there is no place, for good value and variety of choice in them, in all this wide



A FASHIONABLE WRAP.

Made of black satin, with grey satin collar and lining, this cape is a good example of an attractive outdoor wrap which is both picturesque and useful.

world like Robinson and Cleaver's. Nowadays women use crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, and other soft and silky fabrics for night-dresses and under-clothes. This firm, always in the van of progress, have most beautiful models of these, trimmed with real flet and with Valenciennes lace and pretty ribbons, which are attracting the favourable attention of womenkind.

We all have to use public conveyances these days, for taxis are scarce, and the good humour of their drivers is said to be still more scarce. A new handicap is about to be added to our comfort in 'buses and trains. It is, in two words, winter overcoats. Whoever spaced out the room gave no thought to these. Women, too, are getting their furs out; and fighting men are donning their British warms or lined trench-coats. This means that everybody is to be just half as big again as everybody recently was. No extra accommodation has been provided, and the crowding will be as great as ever. Well, we must take our comfort in our good news, and feel that we are on the way to normal things again.

There is one form in which flappers receive and deserve only the highest praise. It is when they are sardines. Every larder should have some tins of these delicious little fish in store; they are really sardines—not some other little fish camouflaged in oil. This brings out another point: the oil is pure, and it is rich—therefore very nutritious, and specially valuable in these days of fat-shortage in our diet. The ways in which Flapper sardines contribute to the daintiness and succulence of meals are innumerable. There is nothing nicer than a Flapper sardine on toast, unless we can get a Hun in that position—which is from a different point of view, and which is, happily, being done wholesale. Then sardines in fish sauces save us from getting tired of fish as food. Sardines in salads—in fact, sardines in dozens of ways—help to make dishes palatable, easily digestible, and very nourishing; but, to be sure of the best, it is as well to ask for Flapper!

Is it an injustice to our sex that women are not received as students at the Royal Veterinary College, nor can they obtain diplomas as veterinary surgeons? If we can become useful, and even distinguished, members of the human surgical and medical profession, why not of the animal faculty? What a fine living it would provide for women; how useful qualified women vets. would be in the Colonies; and how much their patience with and love for animals would help them!

A. E. L.



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ON GUARD

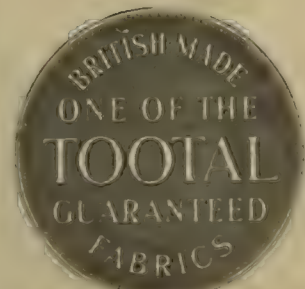
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—PAUL E. DERRICK—LONDON

COLLECTED POEMS OF RUPERT BROOKE,
WITH A MEMOIR.

RUPERT BROOKE has taken his place among the great unfulfilled of English poets, along with Keats and Shelley, Marlowe and Chatterton. He did not beat his music out—did not develop so quickly as Keats, who died at an even earlier age. It was not till the war stirred him to the depths that he found his full powers, and then fate gave him no time to use them. Therein lies the tragedy of his death at Scyros, on his way to fight the Turks in Gallipoli. The record of his life and work has been given with admirable skill and sympathy in "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, with a Memoir" (Sidgwick and Jackson), and a special word of praise is due to the biographer, Mr. Edward Marsh, who, with rare self-effacement, has withheld his name even from the title-page, and allows his hero throughout, as far as may be, to be revealed in his own letters or through the words of other friends.

The book is illustrated with two excellent portraits. It is a wholly satisfying memoir, and, along with the "Letters from America," forms an adequate and intensely interesting account of Rupert Brooke's career and character. In taking up the story of his life, the reader familiar with his poems is moved by two main anticipations—what light of fact will it throw on the various romantic experiences adumbrated in his verse, and what estimate will it suggest of his potential career if he had lived? The first question is answered only in part. There are no love affairs, only friendships; and the poet himself extols friendship above passion, although when war brought near to him the prospect of death he regretted, more than artistic aspirations quenched, the fact that he

was unwedded and would leave no sons. Not till then did he desire marriage.

As to the second question, the memoir confirms and strengthens the great promise of the poems: it leaves the impression of uncommon genius arrested on the threshold of achievement. The collected poems add but little to those already published, though the fragments of an unfinished ode-threnody on England, given in the Memoir,

beauty: he was rich in travel, and knowledge of men and women. He came home from his world tour crammed with multitudinous impressions, and, before he could assimilate them and use the vast material ready to his pen, war hurried him to a premature grave. The loss to English literature is beyond our computation.

Almost every day brings its record of officers who have been awarded the Military Cross or some other recognition of gallantry and devotion to duty. Among the recipients recently was Sec. Lieut. J. H. Umney, Gen. List and R.A.F. During recent operations he destroyed five enemy machines. By his untiring energy and keenness, both in the air and on the ground, he set a splendid example to other observers in the squadron, and greatly helped his pilot in successful encounters.

All interested in horology, and that wider public which follows the adventures of such enterprises as Sir Ernest Shackleton's late expedition with admiration, will be interested to know that the well-known watch and chronometer makers, S. Smith and Son, of 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and 68, Piccadilly, W., have received a most gratifying letter from the Captain, S.Y. *Endurance*, who says, "I have great pleasure in informing you that all the chronometer-

watches supplied by you to the Shackleton 1914-17 Expedition to the Antarctic worked perfectly, and had reliable rates under very arduous conditions, both while the ship was afloat and afterwards sledging across the floe when the *Endurance* had been crushed and sank. The chronometer I have handed you for overhauling is the one that I carried personally. . . . I am now going to take it again with Sir Ernest Shackleton on the Murmansk Expedition."



ON THE WAY TO CAMBRAI: CANADIANS CONSTRUCTING A BRIDGE ACROSS A RIVER ON THE ARRAS-CAMBRAI ROAD.
Canadian War Records.

suggest high possibilities. It is rather in the personality shining through the letters that we feel the promise of greatness. He might have turned to poetic drama, to which his theatrical experiences at Cambridge and his study of the Elizabethans seem to point, or he might have become a novelist. His humour, here visible so delightfully in every page, was strong, frank, and full-blooded, and his sympathies were of the widest. To the eyes of few poets had the earth unfolded so much of her



THE AMERICAN 'DOUGH-BOY'S' PLAIN:

"Can't make nothing of this gol-darned French phrase book. All about the wooden leg of the gardener and the pens of my aunt, and that kind o' junk. Ain't no phrases a fellow'd likely be needing, like "You got nice eyes, kid"; 'Say, ain't I seen you before some place?' or 'Give me a packet of 'Army Club' Cigarettes, quick!'"

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A DOCTOR'S TESTIMONY.

Dr. Edward E. Phillips, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., London (retired), ex-Mayor of Bath, Alderman and J.P., writing from Sydney House, Sydney Gardens, Bath, states:—"I am taking this opportunity to say a good word for Tatcho. I have used it for years, and I feel sure it has been of the greatest value. Although I am getting aged, I have a fair crop of hair left. I have recommended Tatcho to many others, and all have been satisfied. This is an unsolicited testimonial, and I give it entirely 'off my own bat.' You are at liberty to make use of this. Anyone may refer to me. I assure you I have never given a testimonial of any kind before."

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ENGLISH OR PLAIN UNITED STATES?

BY J. M. C. H.

IF there are forty-five million people in the British Isles speaking English more or less imperfectly or perfectly, as you will, there are over one hundred and ten millions in the United States doing the same thing. But in America there is something more than this, for Americans have also a language of their own which they like, on occasion, to term plain United States, which, though using the same English words, expresses quite a different meaning from that understood over here.

Take such an ordinary word as "homely." Now, that in America means plain or ordinary looking, and not home-like or "comfy." There is, too, the somewhat similar American word "ornery," which means common or rough—almost rude—but not ordinary. Or, again, the word "angry" is usually expressed in America by "mad"; "very angry" becomes "mad clear through"; and "angry with" becomes "mad at." To go riding in the States means driving; if you mean on horseback, you say so; and if boating, "boat-riding," and so on. There are, of course, social circles in the big cities where English words are given their exact English meaning.

On the other hand, many good old English words, dating several centuries back even, are found in good general use. There is too much general use of words common in England in the early Victorian period. You never hear "drawing-room" in everyday America; it is always "parlour"; and the expression, "I have company," or, "she has company," is the universal one in everyday households, rich or poor, to indicate the presence of visitors. Of words



WITH THE BELGIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT: WATCHING THE PRISONERS COME IN.—[Belgian Official Photograph.]

differing in their meaning according to the side of the Atlantic on which they are used, the following



WITH THE FORCES IN MESOPOTAMIA: A TURKISH PLANE BROUGHT DOWN BY GUN-FIRE.

may be noted: boots are always called shoes, and low shoes are known as "Oxfords"; the bowler hat

is universally known as "a Derby," and Homburg and Alpine hats become "Fedoras"; to rent means to let; when you let rooms you "rent rooms." There is no such expression as "mate" in the States; it becomes "partner." Governor is invariably "boss" among the people at large; while in business offices it becomes "the chief"—or "the old man," if he is well liked. In family circles the head of the family is plain "father," or "dad," and sometimes also "the old man." All women, no matter what their age, are "the girls" in America. Harness-reins are known as lines.

It is curious to hear a sedate American, even a prosperous merchant, say "Well, I must kip along" when he must be going on his way. All shops are "stores" in America, be it in the smallest hamlet. But all women go shopping. There are "shops," of course, in the big cities; but they are of the "classy" (that is, exclusive) kind. An English frock coat is always known as a "Prince Albert." This is one of the early Victorian survivals. The topper, or silk hat, is known as a "stove pipe"—when quite polite, a top hat. A waistcoat is invariably a vest, and trousers throughout the length and breadth of America are merely "pants."

"Clever" means kind or good-natured; "cunning," pretty or nice; and a bug means an insect of any kind, from a June bug or lady bug to a Norfolk Howard. Then there are the phrases and the slang. A book, and it might be a big book, is asking to be written upon curiosities of common conversation, and the picture-queeness of slang. There are many terms and phrases, not only in America but in our own talk, which may well be considered than orthodox phrases. Some day it will be done, but the subject is inexhaustible.



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A SOCIETY WOMAN'S TOILET TABLE.

By "ESTELLE."

I WAITED in a charming boudoir while a slim parlourmaid hurried away to announce my arrival.

I had not seen Juliette since we both left school, though we had corresponded all the time, and it was with a tiny feeling of shyness that I prepared to meet my friend as the wife of an English peer. She must have changed, I supposed. I remembered her at eighteen as a merry but rather unprepossessing schoolgirl, dressed in the ugly convent uniform, her straight, straggling hair brushed straight back from the forehead, with the sallow skin which so many French girls possess. Her charm of manner and her great dark eyes with their long, curling lashes were, indeed, a counter-attraction, but the very length of those lashes was the sign of too-easily growing hair, and a dark, downy growth spoilt her pretty mouth. I could see no photograph in the room which looked in the least like Juliette.

The door opened, and a lovely woman, dressed in a filmy "tea-frock," came in. I was conscious of a sort of soft rush, and realised dimly that Juliette was embracing me.

"My dear-rest Helen," she exclaimed, with that pretty difficulty with her "r's" that I remembered so well. "You do not recognise me, no?"

She stepped back, laughing.

"I don't believe I do," I said. "How lovely you've grown."

She had. Her skin was as clear as a child's, the downy growth had entirely disappeared. I had never noticed what a pretty mouth she had. There was a tiny flush in her cheeks which was delightfully becoming, and which gave value to her shining, dark eyes, whose lashes seemed longer than ever. Her hair was no longer strained back from her forehead, but waved round her face in enchanting little curls.

"Come and take your things off," she smiled, and led me to her pretty bedroom.

As I took off my hat and tidied my hair, I looked round for a powder-puff. The dressing-table was strewn with gold-topped jars and flasks, but there was not a sign of powder or puff anywhere.

Juliette saw my dismay and laughed.

"I gave up powder some time ago when I was a V.A.D. I had to get used to avoiding it as unsuitable. Have some clemintine instead."

She offered me a slim bottle full of a rosy liquid.

"Rub it on your skin; you won't want any powder. It won't make you pink, it that's what you're afraid of."

I applied a little, and was delighted with the result; my skin felt beautifully cool and velvety—and looked it.

"Where do you get it?" I asked. "I suppose it's horribly expensive?"

"I make it," she explained, "for two shillings and sixpence; I buy a packet of clemintine at the chemist's, pre-tty stuff, like pink sugar. I dissolve it in water, and, *voilà*, two bottles of the nicest beauty lotion I know of."

"Whatever's this?" I asked.

"That is pheninol," she said. "He smells dreadful, but he is my very good friend. You remember I had such an ugly moustache? Well, I used pheninol once, and it all came out, never hurting my skin a bit, though maman made me try all sorts of painful things before. Then I put on a little tekko paste, and I have never been troubled with superfluous hair since. Hair is so funny, isn't it? It grows in all the *wrong* places, and then gets thin on one's head. Mine got thin, but since I used a tonic made of boranium (you can get it at the chemist's) and bay rum it has grown so nice and thick. Maman uses bay rum, too, but she prefers to dissolve tannalite in it, and all that grey hair has quite disappeared. Her hair looks just like mine—of course, we both shampoo with stallax granules, there's nothing so delightfully cleansing."

I came across a jar filled with a white substance like solidified cold cream.


"What's this, Juliette? I forgive my horrid curiosity, but I'm most dreadfully inquisitive about your beauty secrets."

"Just plain ordinary mercolised wax. Never heard of it? Well, I couldn't do without it. A very clever person who knew I was fond of those scented creams one pays such atrocious prices for, once said to me, 'No wonder you've a bad skin; it doesn't get a chance to breathe; you clog all the pores with waste matter, and your skin turns yellow and shrivels up just like a plant without water.' That set me thinking; now, instead of adding to my skin, I take away from it. Subtract your skin and the answer is a nice complexion," she laughed. "Mocolised wax absorbs all the ugly, soiled outer cuticle, invisibly and painlessly, of course, and leaves the nice, fresh new skin underneath. Isn't it wonderful?"

I was amazed. "But where do you get it?" I asked.

"Any little chemist has it in stock; you've only got to ask for it. Oh, I *must* tell you about stymol. Do you remember I was always getting those hateful blackheads, besides having a face that shone like luminous paint in the dark?"

I've discovered that they are simply the result of enlarged pores. I bought some stymol tablets—you see, I always keep some by me—and I dissolved one in water, bathing my face in the sparkling mixture. The blackheads were loosened at once and came right out on the towel. Now I bathe my face from time to time with this lotion, and I find that it closes the pores. I never suffer from oiliness or blackheads now."



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"A Romance of the Western Front."

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They occur, for the most part, in the letters of Isabelle's lover—the letters in which he pours out his

and ragged enough to be truth thrusting its elbows through a convenient form too worn and outgrown to withstand it. Occasionally we catch a useful glimpse of a stereotyped Continental criticism. For example—"It [the loss of the *Lusitania*] was what one might have expected, and I cannot yet understand why, when the attacks of German submarines are unfortunately so effective, English ship-owners allow such ships to make the journey." Anyone in touch with the French or the neutral world in 1915 will remember hearing that remark, or others very like it.

"Wren's Wife." Mr. Cyril Russell has, by the title-page, written another novel before "Wren's Wife" (Collins), but it has not been our fortune to come across it.

His new book shows him to possess qualities unusual in a new writer, and still to indicate a reserve of literary ability to be drawn upon, no doubt, when the larger purpose develops itself. "Wren's Wife" is small, a fine-drawn thread of plot strung into some excellent character-drawing. It is so neatly managed that the flaw in the story is kept well in the background—to wit, that while Wren the drunkard might be tolerated, and even forgiven, Wren the cad was inexplicable as the friend and husband of the people upon whom Mr. Russell inflicts him. He was not, and did not become, a full-fledged genius; and, as he is drawn, his potential powers are less conspicuous than his soiled shirt, his aggressive rudeness, and his egoism. We are given to understand that men (and women) found him interesting. But there is no bore like the complete egoist; and Wren had every defect of his species, and was a thorough bounder into the bargain.

Perhaps it was the malice in his personality that intrigued the gentle and altruistic A. M.? The author makes much of it. These reflections will serve to show that there is matter in the book to give rise to argument. In other words, whether Wren were an



THE ENEMY'S LAND-SHIPS: ANOTHER VIEW OF A GERMAN TANK DESTROYED BY FRENCH ARTILLERY.—[French Official Photograph.]

interesting fellow or whether he were not, there can be no doubt that his creator has written a novel distinctly stimulating to the critical intelligence.

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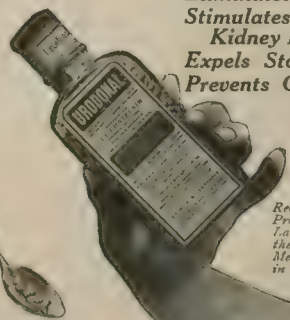
THE ENEMY'S LAND-SHIPS: A GERMAN TANK DESTROYED BY FRENCH ARTILLERY.—[French Official Photograph.]

jealous devotion and the desires of his unsatisfied heart. How much of all this is fact, and how much fiction? We should not like to give an opinion. It is a curious story,

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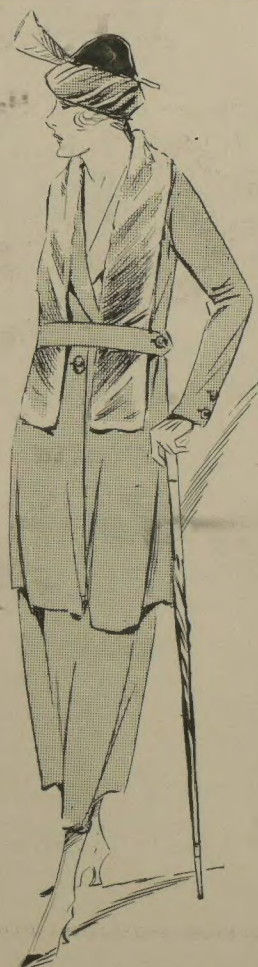
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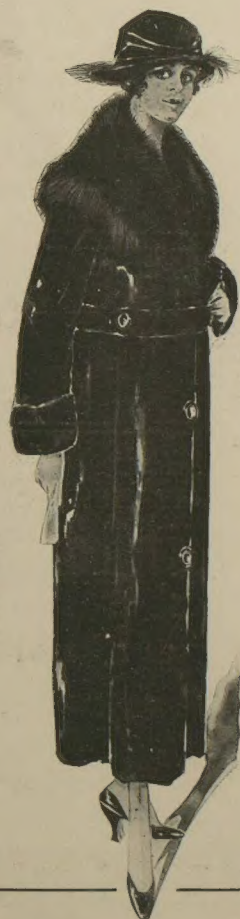


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The R.A.C. and
A.A. to Come
Together?

In *The Illustrated London News* of March 16 last I commented upon a suggestion made by the *Auto* that the R.A.C. and the A.A. should join forces. A week later I discussed the question more fully, and agreed that, although the scheme presented difficulties, these ought not to be insuperable, and that it would be an excellent thing for motordom if some such arrangement could be brought to pass. So far as I know, the *Auto* and these notes had the field to themselves. There was a curious conspiracy of silence regarding the matter, which at the time I thought was due to the startling nature of the proposal. Whatever the reason, none of the automobile journals or commentators discussed it, and it is therefore the more humorous to see now that the *Motor* appears to be indulging in what Lord Curzon once aptly described as the intelligent anticipation of events before they occur. It has learnt, apparently, that the seed did not fall on barren ground, and that the suggestion was actually followed by *pourparlers* which, before long, may result

in an announcement that some arrangement has been arrived at on the lines of the *Auto's* suggestion. In its current issue, the *Motor*, as a really original idea of its



AN ANCIENT CASTLE AND A MODERN CAR: A NAPIER OF TO-DAY.
The contrast between the old Castle of Colchester and the six-cylinder Napier, modern as can be, is instructive. The car has traversed the passes of Switzerland, France, Italy, and Austria, without a single breakdown.

own, suggests that now the war is drawing to an end the two bodies named should come together and make a peace gift to the motoring community of an amalgamated association representative of all the good interests of motordom. Truly an excellent idea, but it does strike me that the *Motor* would have displayed better taste if it had frankly acknowledged that it was to its contemporary the *Auto* that the credit was due for the initial suggestion which is likely to result in a *rapprochement*. However, that is merely by the way. I cannot say just how far the matter has gone. It has been discussed between the two bodies concerned, and we shall doubtless know the full result before long. Nor do I know precisely why any reference has been made to it at the present juncture, since these premature announcements—or *ballons d'essai*, as the case may be—are not always calculated to assist the desired result. However, in the present instance the cat is out of the bag, and no more harm can be done by the discussion of the subject at large.

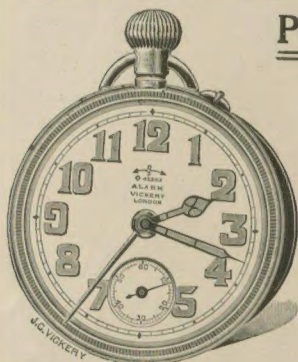
A Splendid Ideal. If this fusion of interests should come about, as there is more than a little reason to think it will, it will
(Continued overleaf.)

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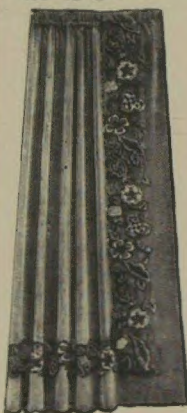
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4 oz. Margarine.
2 oz. Sugar.
1 good tablespoonful of Goodall's Egg Powder.

Mixed with a wooden spoon in a slightly warm basin, about 10 minutes, working until it is like a thick cream; add a teaspoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of corn flour, previously mixed together. Bake in a light oven.

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(Signed) M. AMBLARD,
Chef de Cuisine, Great Central Hotel,
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(Continued.) undoubtedly be a very fine thing for the interests of the motoring community. I am not sure that I do not think it will be even better than the abortive scheme for the constitution of a National Council. When I wrote in favour of the latter, some months ago, I had no reason to think that such a combination of interests as that now foreshadowed was within the bounds of practical politics. One has become so accustomed to regard the work of the R.A.C. and the A.A. as being conducted along different planes that even when the *Auto* advanced the idea of fusion I could hardly bring myself to believe that, admirable as it was, it was possible. However, all things are apparently possible, even this; and if we are indeed to have what is in effect a single solid body representative of all the various sections of the motoring community, I can see a brilliant future of work for it. Instead of two great organisations which have worked to a common end, but whose methods have led to a certain amount of overlapping often resulting in friction, we shall have but one with a single aim and a single policy, and with only one manner of working towards the desired end. What this means in gain of influence and in speed of working can only for the moment be imagined.

The shape that the combined organisation will take, assuming that events come to pass as I anticipate they will, remains to be seen. I know nothing of the scheme which has been discussed, nor would it be wise to hazard a guess. We may be certain, however, that when the working arrangement is disclosed it will be found to be eminently practical, and one that should prove of the greatest good to the motorist.

I do not know what part the provincial clubs are likely to play in the scheme of things, should the suggested arrangement come to pass, but I have no doubt they will continue to fill their corner as they have done in the past. There is much work of a purely local nature they can carry on and relieve the central organisation somewhat, leaving the latter free to deal with the larger issues relating to legislation generally, the question of betterment of highway administration, and those of the wider relations between the various sections of the automobile body politic. For example, as I have pointed out before, there is a vast field of effort open to these local bodies in the matter of the regulation of roadside adver-

tising. There is plenty for them to do in this and many other directions.

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